The Daylight Waneth.

The daylight waneth and the night is near,
The russet leaf hangs restless on the tree,
The stubbled fields are brown, the meadows sere,
And brooding silence rests on hill and lea—
A listening silence that arouseth fear,
The winter cometh and the night is near.

The morn with all its glory is passed away;
The flowers are dead and scentless on the wold;
The birds are gone that cheered the fading day;
The sheep are huddled in the sheltering fold—
They joy not in the slant November ray,
The pleasures of morn are passed away.

A nipping frost sits in the voiceless breeze;
The grieving skies are clothed in ashy gray;
The stream flows under the autumnal trees
And sadly shows the sorrow of their decay.
There is no sound to soothe, no sight to please,
The night is near and frost is in the breeze.

Day fadeth fast and clouds are in the sky;
Strange shadows flit like ghosts across the wold;
With moistened locks the white moon rides on high,
Scattering her thin rays on the breezes cold.
I stand amid the sorrow and I sigh—
My life is chill and clouds are in the sky.

—D. J. Donahue.

PAUL OLIVER'S WIFE.

I am a Chicago physician, not without practice, but still young enough to feel that my real work is in the future. Not many years have passed since I received my "sheepskin," and, as is well known, youth is a serious bar to recognition of one in my profession. My practice, consequently is light, and but for a small property which yields me a very modest income, I might often have trouble in satisfactorily dealing with my landlady and laundryman.

It was a stormy night in March and I was seated in my office puzzling over a curious case of blood-poisoning which had fallen in my way, when a messenger boy called me to my door and handed me the following note:

"Come at once to — Monroe Street. Suffering and need immediate relief.

"PAUL OLIVER."

I hesitated only long enough to get together the necessary articles to take where I did not know the nature of my patient's ailment, and in due course of time was deposited by the street-car at my destination.

I was ushered into a neatly furnished room, brightly lighted. Upon the bed lay a feeble-looking man, who fixed his shining black eyes upon my face.

"Your are Dr. Etolmus? Well, doctor, help me. I am dying, burning—can't you make me sleep—see my nerves quivering—look at the swollen veins," cried the young man, extending both hands weakly toward me.

"Just so he has been for a week," remarked the young woman who had remained in the room. "Brother Harry has been beseeching him the whole time to have a doctor, but he never gave up until to-night, and then insisted upon having you."

"I suppose, doctor, that you are wondering why my choice of physicians fell upon you," soon remarked Mr. Oliver, suddenly flashing his black eyes upon me. "Well, wonder on; I shall not enlighten you. Call it chance."

I was a little startled, because I was just then puzzling over that very question. But I quietly replied:

"You are nervous and laboring under excitement, my friend. I am sure the potion you have taken will soon do you good."

"Nothing will do me good. I am past human help, though grateful for even a doctor's sympathy. I know that neither you nor the combined medical talent of the city could cure me. I have no desire to live—I would not live if I could."

This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Paul Oliver. In time he became interested in me, insisting upon conversing upon various topics, with all of which he displayed a fair acquaintance. His nervousness increased steadily, but, strange to say, with it increased his patience.

He gradually grew worse, despite my unremitted care. I earnestly besought him to permit me to call in one or more eminent physicians for consultation, but this he positively refused to do.

"I have told you," he declared with firmness, "that I am slowly dying. Nothing can save me. You have alleviated my pain. No physician could do more."

As time passed the unfortunate man won a hold upon my heart. So it was with infinite pain that I saw the tentacles of death closing fast about him. In my powerlessness I reproached myself and my beloved science. I became low-spirited and dull.

"Doctor," he said slowly and impressively one day, "I shall die this evening. Do not look so incredulous. I understand my case better than you could be expected to do. I wish to say a few words of business to you and to thank you for your unremitting care. In that escretoire you will find a package. I wish you to take it and after I am under the earth I desire you to read it. Dispose of it as you think best. That is all. I think now I will sleep."

And he did sleep and never again awakened.

After the quiet funeral at Rosehill Mr. Sommers informed me that Oliver was a man possessed of considerable wealth and told me the surprising news that in a will he had made a short time before, he bequeathed the bulk of it to me.

Very soon afterward I opened the package Mr. Oliver had requested me to take in charge. It consisted of a closely written manuscript which read as follows:

"I, Paul Oliver, was born in New York City, and seven years ago graduated at Harvard College. Three months later a malignant fever bereft me of both parents. I was alone, possessed of a competency and with but little disposition to embark in trade or acquire a profession.

"I spent a year in Europe. Near its close I met a party of Americans at Paris. The most charming was Miss Lire Hainey. She was 20, and a woman of rare accomplishments and wondrous beauty.

"I adored that woman, pressed my suit vigorously, and to my supreme happiness she accepted my hand and fortune, declaring that she had loved me from the first.

"Within a year after our first meeting we were married and, complying with her request, we took an extended trip through the great cities of both continents. Finally, tired out with sight-seeing, she expressed a desire to return to America, and we came. At her desire I purchased a princely home in New York City and we settled down, as I secretly hoped, to a quiet domestic life.

"As my love was infinite, my confidence was unbounded. How I despised those jealous husbands who appeared to act as dragons to their beautiful, gay young wives. Hence, when innumerable invitations poured in upon us, I willing accompanied her to each gay scene, happy in seeing her enjoyment. But I soon wearied of so much social duty and, when, one day, she sweetly begged me to stay at home with my books as she knew I wished to do, I consented.

"What was intended for a single occasion soon became a settled arrangement. 'Dear Paul' remained at home in his library with his dogs and pipe, gladly welcoming the sweet, sunny face when it beamed upon him from lace or fur after an evening's enjoyment with strangers.

"Infinite love, such as mine was, can have no doubts. Daily she assured me of her boundless affection and how proud I was to be her husband!

"But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from the happiest of beings I was plunged into the deepest hell of misery, rage and despair.

"I was called to Boston to look after some investment I had made there a few years before, and left on Monday evening, not thinking it possible I could return before the following Friday.

"By a fortunate combination of circumstances I was able to finish my business in a short time and immediately started for home.

"Twenty-four hours earlier than she expected me, I gaily tripped up the marble steps of my home, thinking of her joy as I should suddenly appear unexpectedly before her. Almost stealthily I inserted the night-key and turned the latch and on tiptoe hastened along the carpeted stairway. The servants were not yet stirring. Oh how sweet to be at home!

"The sound of a light laugh fell on my astonished ear. I paused before the curtained doorway of my wife's boudoir. Lightly lifting a corner of the soft, silken drapery I saw my wife with a man I knew well by sight. So much of a roue, gambler and scoundrel was he that I would never have had even a business acquaintance with him.

"I stood outside for several minutes and then entered quietly. With a wild cry of horror, Lire rushed toward me with her arms outstretched, but I repulsed her, and indignantly threw her companion out of doors.

"Then I turned to the cowering woman. Not one atom of pity remained. In a voice as calm as usual I thus denounced her: 'Madame, I have a name, one that my parents bore with honor and that I have never shamed except in giving it to you. You shall not publicly drag it in the mire. To-morrow you will accompany me to Chicago. There I will throw such safeguards about you during the rest of your natural life that you can not sin again. I do this only because I am resolved to save my father's name. One more transgression and you shall die.'

"We came to Chicago, where, under the name by which I am known, we took an unpretentious flat in an unfashionable quarter. When I left New York, I left the world behind me. A stranger in a strange city—my future was to carefully guard my family honor.

"Three months passed. During this time the only acquaintance I formed was Henry Sommers, and I only knew him by accident. During that time I never left our apartments except on necessity and then I locked Lire within. We kept no servant, our meals were sent from a restaurant, we visited no one, formed no acquaintance, attended no theaters or races as had been our former custom. This was not living, it was a painful existing.

"Lire did not bear this new and constant surveillance with composure. At times she would burst forth in a passion, and beseech me to let her go forth, to kill her or do anything to end her present miserable life. Gladly would I have sent her out if I could have saved my name from dishonor.

"One night about three months after our flight to Chicago, I was suddenly aroused from deep sleep to alert wakefulness. At my side stood Lyre, looking like an angel with a crown of golden hair. As my eyes opened I saw her pour the contents of a vial into the water bottle from which I invariably took a nightly draught. Maddened by memories and brooding and disappointed love, I sprang toward her and confronted her in her crime. Denial was useless. I forced her to confess that she had placed poison in my draught. The insidious drug she had obtained from a Hindoo the year before our marriage. It was a subtle poison. Given in small doses the victim failed slowly, but surely. Given in large quantity, death was immediate. Calmly she confessed that she had been administering the poison to me gradually, that I was slowly dying and that no power on earth could restore me. She freely admitted that she would have killed me long before, had I, as she expected when she married me, made a will in her favor. She was a revelation to me. For the first time she cast aside all hypocrisy and appeared in all her hideousness. She declared she loathed me, and preferred death a thousand times to the wretchedness of being imprisoned with me.

"I was dying by inches. Now was explained the lassitude and weariness, the sudden sharp pains I could not understand. Enraged and furious as I was over her diabolical confession I yet could reason. Taking my pistol from beneath my pillow, where I had invariably placed it at night since I had learned her treachery, and in my left hand holding my watch, I looked steadfastly at the crouching woman and said:

"'If within five minutes you have not swallowed the contents of the little box you hold, I shoot you. Choose your death.'

"A look of infinite terror spread over her countenance, yet angelic in its contour, and she directed a gaze of piteous entreaty at me.

"I returned the look with one of determined, pitiless resolution, toying with the deadly weapon. Only separated by a few feet, we gazed, but neither spoke.

"One, two, three, four minutes passed. Only sixty seconds remained. Seizing the pistol firmly I began slowly to bring it into position, when, with a quick seizure of the little box, she rapidly brought the poison to her lips, now white with horror. One swift movement of her wrist, one nervous contraction of her white throat, and my revenge was complete.

"Calmly without one shadow of remorse, I gazed at her lifeless form. I began to deliberate as to the disposition of the body. My flat was on Indiana street; the river was but two or three blocks away. I removed everything from the dead woman's person which could possibly betray her identity, wrapped a dark shawl about the slight figure that had now become so loathsome to me, and waited until near midnight before setting out upon my perilous trip.

"Enough. I was successful. The dark, swollen water near the Rush street bridge covered my burden.

"Where I went that night afterward I do not know. The pale, grey morning found me many miles from the spot, exhausted from want of sleep.

"A terrible fascination drew me to the morgue, and there, one day, I found what I was searching for. I also found a young physician (yourself) who seemed strangely curious. Suspecting every one I followed him to his office, and then returned to my apartment, resolved to change my home. Accidentally I met Mr. Sommers. He took pity upon me as he saw my feeble, nervous condition, and constituted himself my guardian. By this time the poison had made such inroads upon my constitution that my power of resisting was gone.

"You know the rest. The fatal disease baffled every effort. How crude the wisdom of men. How many of the floating bodies found in river or lake and thought to be suicides have back of them great tragedies like mine.

"I would not live if I could. The memory of that woman's treachery would blacken every hour with evil thoughts, and I pass into annihilation gladly."

There is nothing more to be said. I, Jared Etolmus, physician, make these details public to show to the world how closely we live side by side with tragedies, caused by evil doing, resulting in the most fearful insanity.

My note-book contains many life stories, but few have interested me more than the Mystery of the Morgue. —*Chicago Journal.*

Bacteria Everywhere.

The greater majority of these microscopic plants are what the botanists call "bacteria," the smallest form of vegetable life. So small are they that it would take, in some cases, as many as 15,000 of them arranged in a row to extend one inch. They have different forms, some being round, some oval, some rod-shaped, while others are much the shape of a corkscrew. In all cases they are so small that one needs a powerful microscope to examine them, and in no case can we perceive them singly with the naked eye.

When countless millions of them are grouped together in a mass or colony we can see them about as we are able to see an approaching army of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier. I have said that these bacteria move about; and this is true of most of them, although there are some which do not appear to move at all, but remain fixed wherever they find a good feeding place. Those that have motion behave in a very peculiar manner; some wobble about in one place without moving forward in the least; others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious rate, rocking and twirling about, and turning a hundred somersaults as they move along. Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do this in a very curious way.

A single one breaks itself in two; then each half grows very rapidly until it becomes as large as the original. Then these in turn divide up again, and so on, until from a single one we have many thousands in a very short time. To give you the figures, such as they are, a single one can multiply at so enormous a rate that in forty-eight hours it can produce something like 280,000,000,000 of its species. Great consequences follow this enormous increase of bacteria, for while one, so small of itself, can do but little harm, the army resulting from such rapid multiplication makes it possible for them to accomplish a vast amount of damage.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Youngest Patentee.

W. W. Rosenfeld, who gained fame through being the youngest person to whom a patent has been issued in this country, has recently perfected some inventions of so novel a nature as to again attract general attention. His first invention, patented when he was 15 years of age, was the lever used to simultaneously close and lock the gates on elevated trains, which is now in use in this and other cities. Now, at the age of 23, he has perfected probably the most efficient and comprehensive railway-signal system known. By this system an alarm will be sounded in the cab of a locomotive when it gets on the same block with another train, when it approaches a misplaced switch, an open draw bridge, a broken rail or a rail lying across the tracks. Not only will the alarm be sounded, but if desired the air-brakes may be turned on by the same signal, providing for the safety of the train even against the engineer's carelessness or possible incapacity.—*N. Y. Letter in Boston Advertiser.*

Wood Paving in Paris.

Wood paving is so popular in Paris that the inhabitants will not hear to any other. It is noiseless, can always be kept perfectly clean, and support the heaviest traffic without difficulty.

Being conceited is the only satisfaction some men find in life.—*Puck.*

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

"Why, none," says he, dejectedly. "And yet," with sudden fire, "there have been moments for which I would barter all that I possess—when—"

"When you were vain enough to imagine otherwise," interrupting him hurriedly and with a painful flush. "Well—you were wrong—wrong."

She is telling her lie with such a miserable passion that he does not dare to disbelieve her, but yet he knows. These large, sad, honest eyes cannot withhold the truth, whatever the cruel lips may do.

"Still, I shall break with Katherine," says he, after a pause. He had risen to his feet some time ago, and is standing before her watching her gravely. "And then, perhaps," very humbly, "in time you might let me tell you all that is in my heart to night."

"Never, never. I shall not listen. What! do you think I have no pride? Do I want another woman's lover"

"So be it. I shall end this farce between Katherine and myself, nevertheless," replies he, steadfastly.

"That must be as you will. Good-night," says she, holding out to him a slim little hand that trembles. Her eyes are downcast, but even as he looks at her two large tears fall from beneath her lids and travel slowly down her cheeks. In a moment his arms are around her, he can feel the quick beating of her heart on his; for a cruelly short time she lies passive in his embrace, as though tired and beaten, and then she rouses herself, and with slender palms pushes him from her, and without word or glance leaves the room.

Swiftly she goes up stairs and locks herself into her room. That one moment of weakness—of indecision—has frightened her. She had lain in his arms without protest of any sort. Nay, more—she dares not deny it to herself she had been happy there. She had been glad to have them round her. Even now when released from the influence of his presence, she knows that she feels no anger towards him. Anger! where is there place for it in the warm, loving, miserable heart that is beating so wildly in her breast! But what is to be the end of it all? She must go. She must leave him. Never, never, can he be anything to her save worse than a stranger. Oh! that she could tear him from her heart! But it is too late for that. All her long miserable life he must lie there, cherished secretly, wept over in private, loved with a fervor, grown strong from sad thoughts indulged when no one can see her.

No, she could not listen to that proposal of his to end his engagement with Katherine. And yet had she done so would it not have been for the welfare of all, even of Katherine; for wherein lies the good to be derived from a loveless union? She covers her face with her hands and walks swiftly up and down the silent chamber.

But no hope comes to her. His face rises before her, sad, reproachful, passionate, entreating. He is hers, hers only, by all love's laws, and yet she must thrust him from her with all her might. Oh! how miserably ill he looked. Oh, Denis! Oh, darling, darling! Oh, Denis!

She had thrown herself on her knees beside the bed and buried her face out of sight.

CHAPTER XXII.

In the morning that tiresome headache is worse than ever. Norah manages to get down to breakfast, but only to play with her toast and to refuse with a glance of distaste anything offered her.

"How ill you look, darling," says madam, some hours later, meeting her in one of the ante-rooms, equipped for walking. "Like a little pretty ghost. I am so distressed about it, and your father coming to morrow, too! It is dreadful; he will say I have not taken any care of you."

"Who could have taken more?" says the Duchess sweetly, slipping an arm around her neck. "You have made me feel always that you love me."

"Have I?" very pleased. "That is as it should be, then, and only the barest truth. Every mother should love her own little daughter." She smiles and kisses the girl with a lingering fondness and smooths back the soft ruffled locks from her hot brow.

"You are quite feverish, darling. Do you know I am growing really uneasy about you"

"It is this headache."

"But what a persistent one. Will you see Dr. Morgan?"

"No, no, indeed," laughing. "What nonsense, auntie. I'll tell you, though, what I think of doing. Of going out and staying out for quite ever so long. Make an excuse for me at luncheon, and don't expect me again until you see me. I feel as if a good dose of the strong will wind outside is the one thing that can blow these cobwebs out of my brain."

"Then go, by all means, dearest. Try your own medicine first, mine after ward," says madam. "But before you go—a biscuit and a glass of Madeira. Come, now, I insist, and for reward I'll tell any pretty fib you like about you at luncheon."

The dull and cheerless sun that all day has been making so poor a pretense at jollity has at last sunk behind the hills. Already daylight wanes, and the heavy gusts of wind that, rushing through the fir tops, stirred the wide air since early dawn, have now gained in strength and roar sullenly with a subdued force that speaks of a violent outburst later on. One or two heavy drops of rain fall with a quick, soft sound at Norah's feet.

They rouse her from the reverie in which she has almost lost herself; rouse her, too, to a knowledge of the fact that day is nearly dead, and that the air is full of signs of the coming storm.

So busy have been her thoughts in her long swift ramble through the woods and over hills, and thence into unknown woods again that to her it seems but a little while since she walked from the broad stone steps that lead to the entrance door at Castle Ventry, and yet, in reality, how long has it been?

She pauses to look around her for the first time how swiftly the darkness is beginning to fall; to see, too, with a vague yet sharp touch of fear that the place wherein she stands is strange, unknown to her. Whither have her restless feet carried her? All the landmarks by which she had been used to guide herself are now behind her, lost to her unless she can retrace her steps to some spot familiar.

A huge black cloud hovers overhead and is covering all the heavens. A little fine, white mist begins to fall, a shadowy sort of shower, that presently declares itself more openly and becomes an honest downpour. Larger and larger grow the drops, darker and darker the atmosphere, and now that first mild sense of fear gathers in force and becomes uncomfortably definite.

Turning, she begins to walk briskly in the way she believes she has come, but which in reality is only taking her the more decidedly from Ventry. When she has walked in this direction for about twenty minutes she pauses and looks around her, only to find herself hopelessly astray.

Blacker grows the leaden sky above, as seen in irregular patches through the arching branches over her head. Slowly, steadily rises the storm; already the wind begins to rush past her with a fierceness that makes her limbs tremble. Standing still, with her arm round a sapling oak for support and feeling a natural thrill of terror as she acknowledges to herself that she scarcely knows where to turn, she happens to lift her head, and there on the right she sees an old broken-down cottage, or hut rather, close to a tall fir tree that appears to bend over it as offering if protection.

It will give shelter at least. Running towards it she steps quickly, thankfully, into the miserable one bare room of which it can boast. Dead leaves blown in by many winds, strew the earthen floor. A wide open chimney holds on its hearth the gray ashes of dead fires old and gone.

The Duchess, with a sense of rather uncanny loneliness, looks with ungrateful backward glances at this spot that alone has held out to her the arms of pity. How long has it stood here a prey to ghosts? Not so long, apparently. In one corner stands a pile of rotten fire logs, and near it a bundle of twigs, or "kippens," as the peasants call them, that suggest a desire on the part of the late tenants to light one more fire before they should leave this dilapidated home forever.

Through two large holes in the thatched roof the rain is falling with a quick, steady drip, and Norah, avoiding it as best she may, leans disconsolately against the open doorway and gazes with many misgivings on the dismal scene without. It must be now about 5 o'clock, according to her calculation—in reality it is considerably later—and they will all be now in the library, some gathered round the welcome tea party, others lounging in pretty teagowns in the softest chairs to be found.

Denis, too, will have come in long ago from his shooting, and perhaps—perhaps will now be thinking of her and wondering where she is. A little uneasy, too, it may be. She can almost see his handsome, rather melancholy face of late, with the eyes turning so constantly to the door.

Well, well; why think of it? He may wonder and watch, and long for her coming; but of what avail will it all be? There is no end to it but one. She will not dwell upon it. Let her rather turn her thoughts to the fact that she is imprisoned here until the storm shall cease, and that even after that she will not know what direction to take to reach Ventry.

How dark it grows! Blacker and blacker frown the heavens. The dimmest twilight is all that is left of the day just done. What will they think of her at the Castle? With what a contemptuous sneer Katherine will hint at the barbarous bad taste of those who can plunge so unreasonably a whole household into a state of apprehension for the sake of their own idle whims! And besides—

Great Heaven! what is that?

Only the report of a gun. But coming through the gathering darkness of the descending night it strikes with a cold terror at her heart. And then all at once, she scarcely knows why, that past scene upon the gravel sweep stands out before her mental gaze once more. Once again the dog's yelp of agony sounds in the air; once again Moloney is felled to the ground; she sees him rise, and marks the deadly threat of vengeance in his eyes.

A fear, born of nothing, as true fear sometimes is, becomes strong within her. Her heart beats fast, her hands grow cold, her cheek pales. How if that murderous though silent threat has been even now fulfilled! if even now he, her soul's beloved, lies powerless dead, with the heavy cruel pattering rain falling falling always on the dull insensate body.

It is but a little thing after this to picture the white ghastly upturned face, with the dead searing eyes, and parted lips showing the gleaming teeth just a little. Oh, Heaven! Oh! no, no, no!

She shudders violently, and flings out her hands as though to ward off the awful sight; and, as she thus stands trembling all over, again that sharp sound rings through the darkness. She clutches the doorway, and with dilated eye stares outward, straining sight and hearing.

Again—close at hand it now sounds—rings out the sharp crack of a revolver, and following on it the bang of a breech-loader. To her unpracticed ear both sounds are alike, but for all that instinct is alert within her, and holds up a warning hand, and not for one moment is she deluded by the reasonable solution of the problem that Denis on his homeward way has just knocked over a brace of cock.

Conquering a sickening sensation that comes very near to fainting, she rushes impetuously out of the house and through the blinding rain makes her way to the spot from whence the sounds have come. To her surprise a very short run brings her to a rise in the ground that betrays to her the fact of a road that lies just below where she is standing. A high bank, topped by furze bushes, hides that part of the road where she now stands from the public way, though a dilapidated gateway lower down permits her to see where the road runs. As she draws nearer to it she becomes conscious that broken sounds are beginning to fall upon her ears; panting breaths, muttered curses, the swaying movements of feet. In this moment she knows as well as though she can already see him that Denis is on the road, close to that broken gateway, and that he is fighting fiercely for dear life.

All at once her faintness leaves her. A cold chill rushes through her, hardening every nerve. Springing to the top of the high bank she looks through the furze bushes down on the road beneath, and sees—

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Courage is a sort of armor to the mind and keeps an unwelcome impression from driving too deep into perception."

It is Denis she sees first. He is facing her; whilst his opponent—who has grasped him by the throat with a savage grip and is straining every muscle to force him to the ground—has his back to her. He is a powerful-looking man, and even as Norah looks on, frozen with horror, he makes an effort to bring down the handle of the revolver he carries upon Delaney's head, with the intent to hammer out his brains.

It is evidently a struggle that can not last long. Delaney's face is already death-like, rendered the more ghastly because of the heavy drops of blood that are running down it from a wound in his forehead, and his coat is torn away from one arm that hangs helpless by his side. With the other arm he still holds his would-be murderer, and with the tenacity of his race is still holding his own, when another would be lying spent and insensible.

To Norah—who is of his own blood and who can see for herself that unless succor is prompt the end is very near—this sight gives fresh courage. Her spirit rises within her; she sets her teeth and looks swiftly, keenly around her. A short, heavy stake, part of the broken gateway, catches her eye; she loses no time; she moves quickly towards it; to seize it noiselessly, to spring once again to that high part of the bank that brings her right over the assassin's head and within a foot of him, takes her but a minute, and then!

With all the strength of her strong arms she lifts the heavy piece of wood well above her shoulder, and brings it down aswith unerring precision right upon the scoundrel's pate.

Like a stone he drops, half dragging Denis with him, but the girl, jumping into the road, catches him as he falls, and holds him upright still with loving arms. Even now, as at last insensibility overpowers him, as deadly stupor benumbs his every sense, he knows her.

"My beloved! My own little girl!" he breathes faintly, with but a poor attempt indeed at the old fond smile, yet with love unspeakable in his fast closing eyes. He makes a vain effort to hold out his hand to her, and then falls inertly against the bank.

And now it comes to Norah to do what she never afterward can remember doing or understand how she had the power to accomplish it. But

The God of love, ah! benedicte,
How mighty and how great a Lord is He!

Surely he helps her now. Looking at his lying there in that awful swoon, it seems to her that she dare not leave him alone with the murderer beside him whilst she runs for help. What if the man were to recover

SHE BRINGS IT DOWN UPON THE SCOUNDREL'S PATE.

whilst she was away? What if he be not dead? Poor, little, tender-hearted Duchess! Let her not be thought unwomanly if in this supreme moment she hopes passionately that she has killed the man who would have slain her lover, and only fears that she has not done so.

What if he should rise and finish his ghastly work whilst she ran blindly along an unknown road to gain that assistance she might never meet. Moisture rises on her brow as she thinks it all out, and then all at once she abandons that idea of gaining help and with one quick indrawn breath steadies herself for the work she has determined to do this night or die in the attempt.

Stooping, she encircles Denis with her arms, and presently has drawn him, first toward the broken gateway, then through it; through the blessed opening that permits her to drag him out of view of that crouching figure on the ground into the safer shelter of the woods beyond.

Yard by yard—sobbing, panting, with her fear and her fatigue pressing sorely upon her, yet never discouraged—she slowly and ever more slowly, as the willing arms grow so deadly weary, drags him to the protection of that lonely hut close to the tree.

Even when she has got him in and laid him softly downwards, with the poor brolen arm as comfortably settled as she can manage it, her zeal for his welfare does not relax. Off her own tender body she strips her serge skin coat, a present from her auntie, to make a pillow for his head, and then, thinking it high enough—careless of cold or discomfort, nay dead to them—she slips off her flannel petticoat and adds that to the coat.

Not until she has done all this does she permit herself to kneel beside him and look into his face!

Is it his face, that calm, still motionless mask, all streaked and dyed with blood still flowing? She has been so engrossed hitherto with her terrible task of bringing him here that the idea that labor might be in vain—that death might already have robbed her of what she most values upon earth—has not suggested itself; but now it comes, and a very agony of despair takes possession of her. Near she leans over him, still nearer, her misty eyes clinging to his deathlike face. What a horrible pallor is that upon his cheek! how sunken are the eyes within their sockets, how cruelly calm the mouth! Is he dead?

Oh! no, no, no, no! Not dead! He is nigh unto death, if it must be, but oh! not dead, indeed! Her very soul uplifts itself in supplication. Maimed, suffering, broken let him be—but grant that life still linger within his bruised body.

"Oh! Thou loving Lord! by whom all prayers are heard."

Softly, tremulously, she entreats; then with nervous fingers she loosens his collar and feels for the heart that should beat beneath. And after a minute (who shall say what ages lie in it?) a faint pulsation responds to her. He lives! As yet, at least the vital spark is in him.

But how to keep it there? Deftly she tears first her own handkerchief and then his into strips and binds them round and round his brow. The search for his handkerchief has brought to light a small flask which, to her joy, contains brandy; but though she tries even with her fingers, to get some between his lips, she fails to make him swallow it.

And now again terror drives her almost wild. Can she do nothing? Will no one ever come to her aid? She runs to the doorway with a vehement determination to rush through all the blinding storm in search of help. But as she crosses the threshold she looks back and, seeing him lying there so quiet, to all appearance lifeless, her heart grows weak within her and her courage fails. Alas! too, even if she were to venture forth, whither could she go? The place is strange to her; she would not know which way to turn, and if she were to wander too far in this gathering darkness and fail to make her way back again, what might not happen to him before morn in her absence, alone, unattended, deserted? Oh, no, she cannot leave him.

A vague hope that they would be rescued later on by messengers from Ventry gives her some wavering comfort, but the truth her present fears are so many that comfort in the future is quickly ousted. It is so cold, too—so bitterly chill. She looks longingly at the dry sticks lying on the hearth, but even though she knows that the aid of the vestas she has found in his pocket when looking for the flask she dare not set fire to them, she shrinks from doing a nervous horror lest the smoke shall betray his resting place to the enemy resting her.

She takes one of his hands in hers and feels it is cold as ice—his very lips, as she lays her fingers on them, seem frozen. Then she draws off her sole remaining petticoat and wraps its around him, with despair and fear gathering at her heart. Oh, to light a fire!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Charlevoix fishermen are uniformly entirely dissatisfied with last season's catch.

Five tugs will take fish in Lake Superior next season in the vicinity of Ontonagon and will make that port their headquarters.